

MONTE HALE

No 87

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

Monte Hale

WESTERN

10¢



STAN
CAMPBELL

CBC
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STAN.
AMPOE

BURY THE WAITER

WAITER BAITER!



the CULTURE CORNER

HOW TO BITE A HOT DOG RIGHT

CONDUCTED BY
CROUCHER K. CONK, Q.O.C.
(QUEER OLD COOT)



WHENEVER THAT HOT DOG SLIPS AWAY, IT CAN BE VERY ANNOYING...



....ESPECIALLY TO OTHERS!



ONE WAY TO AVOID THIS IS TO WEAR A BAG OVER YOUR NOSE WHILE EATING...



HOWEVER, IF THE HOT DOG SLIPS LOOSE INSIDE THE BAG, YOU'LL END UP A MESS... ESPECIALLY IF YOU LIKE LOTS OF MUSTARD.



ANOTHER METHOD IS TO TIE A ROPE AROUND THE SANDWICH, BUT THEN THE KNOT IS ALWAYS HARD TO EAT!



THE PROPER, CULTURAL WAY IS TO OMIT THE MUSTARD AND SWEAR ON TAR, HARDENED MOLASSES OR FAST-DRYING GLUE



THIS WILL CEMENT THE WIENER TO THE BUN, AND YOU CAN SAFELY SINK YOUR SNAPPERS INTO THEM WITHOUT LOSING ANYTHING! (EXCEPT MAYBE YOUR SNAPPERS)



DON'T BE CRUDE WITH YOUR FOOD! READ CULTURE CORNER!!

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MONTE HALE

and his
PEACE
BOND

It is herewith decreed that
under penalty of Ten
thousand dollars, Monte Hale
will not engage in any
activity tending to break
the peace!

By order of:
Judge Thorne

MONTE HALE, THE ROYALTY COWBOY, IS SWORN
TO UPHOLD JUSTICE! BUT WHEN THE LAW
DECIDES THAT MONTE HALE CANNOT USE HIS
BLAZING SIX-GUN TO DEFEND INNOCENT MEN
FROM MURDEROUS ATTACKS, HE IS CONFRONTED
BY A DILEMMA THAT NO SWIFT DRAW OR SURE
TRIGGER HAND CAN SOLVE FOR HIM!

IT WAS A WELCOME TO WARM ANYONE'S HEART...



YOU SADDLE SORE
OLD BARNIE! IT'S
ABOUT TIME YOU
RODE THIS WAY
TO PAY US A
VISIT!



FELLOW IN TOWN
SAID THAT JIM HOLT
WAS ONE OF THE
HOMESTEADERS WHO
STAKED OUT HERE!
SO I MOVED BY TO
SEE IF IT WAS YOU!



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YOU WOULD'VE KNOWN IT WULD ME IF YOU STAYED STILL LONG ENOUGH TO GET YOUR MAIL, I WROTE YOU ALL 'BOUT IT!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER, MONTE! DRAW UP A CHAIR!



ONE OF THE DELIGHTS A HANDSOME CONBOY MISSES MOST IS A GOOD HOME-COOKED MEAL....

WARR! THIS SURE IS GOOD! HOW'D YOU AND JIM BEEN MAKING OUT HERE, PATRICIA?

NOT SO WELL, MONTE!



THERE'S A GROUP OF 38 HOME-STEADERS WHO HAVE STAKED OUT OUR FARMS ON THIS PARCEL OF LAND! THE CLAIMS WERE GIVEN US BY THE GOVERNMENT! IT'S GOVERNMENT LAND, TOO... BUT BULL DRISCOLL DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK SO!



BULL DRISCOLL RUNS THE LATHY RANCH! DRISCOLL USED TO LET HIS CATTLE GRAZE ON THE GOVERNMENT LAND! NOW HE INSISTS ON THE RIGHT TO KEEP DOING IT!

GRADING CATTLE SURE CAN RAISE HOB WITH A FARMER'S CROPS!



WE'VE ASKED HIM TO STOP, BUT...

GIT YOUR HOSS, JIM! TROUBLE'S BREWING!



BULL DRISCOLL'S TURNED HIS WHOLE HERD LOOSE ON OUR FARMS! THEY'RE TRAMPING THE CROPS, AND HE'S DARED US TO STOP HIM!

RECKON I'LL MOSBY ALONG WITH YOU! JUST IN CASE IT GETS TO BE A SHOOTING ARGUMENT!



WERE COME THE HOMESTEADERS NOW, ACE!

IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, ACE RANDALL KNOWS HOW TO GIVE THEM A HANDFUL!



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IT'S THE SHERIFF!

YOU'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE / THAT'S SINCE STARTING 'ROUND THESE PARTS / NOW THAT'S GONNA BE A STOP TO IT!



AND SOON, IN THE COUNTY COURTROOM....

I AGREE WITH THE SHERIFF / THAT'S SINCE TOO MUCH SWAGGLING BETWEEN HOMESTEADERS AND COWBOYS / I'M PLACING BOTH OF YOU UNDER A \$5,000 PEACE BOND, AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE OTHERS!



WHEN THE PEACE BOND IS POSTED...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, JIM! ALL THE HOMESTEADERS HAD TO MORTGAGE THEIR FARMS AND LANDS TO GET UP THE MONEY FOR MY BOND!

YOU GOT INTO TROUBLE ON OUR ACCOUNT, MONTE! IT'S THE LEAST WE COULD DO!



BESIDES, I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU PROPERLY FOR SAVING MY LIFE! ACE BARNHILL TRIED TO KILL ME INTO GIVING HIM AN EXCUSE FOR A FIGHT!

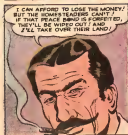
HE MAY TRY AGAIN! BETTER BE CAREFUL, JIM!



BUT MONTE HALE WOULD BE WELL ADVISED TO TAKE HIS OWN WARNING. AT BULL DRISCOLL'S LATE Y MARCH.....

THANKS FOR POSTING BOND FOR ME, BULL! I WON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!

SURE YOU WILL, THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM FOR YOU TO DO, ACE!



I CAN AFFORD TO LOSE THE MONEY, BUT THE HOMESTEADERS CAN'T! IF THAT PEACE BOND IS FORGOTTEN, THEY'LL BE WIRED OUT! AND I'LL TAKE OVER THEIR LAND!



THEN YOU WANT ME TO KILL THIS MONTE HALE FELLER INTO FIGHTING?

EXACTLY! FROM WHAT I HEAR ABOUT HIM, THAT'S NOT GONNA BE HARD TO DO!

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STRONGS PULL ON THE LASSO AND GRISCOLL DISPLACES ONE OF THE LOGS IN THE DAM.....



YOU CAN STAY THERE AND SOAK OR COME OUT PEACEABLE!



HELP!

I SURRENDER! THIS ARE A ROPE! **HERE IT COMES, MR. RANDALL!**



AND THE SECOND MASKED RIDER SOON FOLLOWS.....

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE, IT'S BULL GRISCOLL HIMSELF!

RAM!



LATER, IN THE COUNTY COURTROOM.....

THE EVIDENCE IN THIS CASE IS PLAIN! I SENTENCE YOU, BULL GRISCOLL, AND YOUR FOREMAN, ACE RANDALL, TO JAIL FOR WILFULLY DESTROYING PROPERTY! AND I ALSO DECLARE YOUR PEACE BOND FORFEIT, ACE RANDALL!

HOW ABOUT MY BOND, JUDGE? WILL IT BE RETURNED?



IT SURE WILL BE, MR. HALE! AND I CONGRATULATE YOU FOR...

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! THIS IS FOR THOSE NAMES YOU CALLED ME, RANDALL!



AND WITH THE SITUATION WELL UNDER CONTROL....

DROP IN ON US AGAIN SOME TIME, MONTE!

I SURE WILL! NO MATTER HOW FAR I TRAVEL, I NEVER FORGET OLD FRIENDS! ADIOS!



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MONTE HALE

"DUEL TO THE DEATH"

FOR YEARS, PEACE HAD REIGNED IN THE CHEYENNE TERRITORIES. THEN, SUDDENLY, A WAVE OF HOSTILITY BROKE OUT, Pitting A LARGE GROUP OF INDIANS AGAINST THEIR WHITE NEIGHBORS. AND—OR WHAT—HAD BEHIND THIS EVIL UP-ROISING? IT'S UP TO HARD-BODIED MONTE HALE TO FIND OUT, WITH THE AID OF AN UNEXPECTED ALLY—HIS BLOOD-BROTHER!



RIDING ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRAIL, IS MONTE HALE!



"SIT ALONG, LITTLE 'S' DODGERS, SIT ALONG!"

SUDDENLY!



"WHOA, PARTNER, LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE BUCKLE GOING ON AHEAD OF US—ONE WE MIGHT TAKE A HAND IN! LET'S GET GOING!"

WHAT DOES MONTE SEE?

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AS MONTE HALE DRESSES THE YOUNG INDIAN'S ARM...



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SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD THAT NAME... GRAY BARTER. HE'S A TOUGH TRODDER WHO CAME TO THESE PARTS RECENTLY. SO AS I'S BEEN MAKING TROUBLE.



YEAH, GRAY WOLF? I'M A STRANGER ITS TRUE BUT I AM YOUR FRIEND. I TELL YOU THESE HATTERS ARE PLANNING TO TAKE YOUR LANDS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, BARTER!



UNTS, TODAY, WE HAVE ONLY CARRIED OUT SCATTERED SAIDS! BUT NOW—WE GO ON WARPATH!

WAIT, GRAY WOLF! YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE!



BARTER MAY CLAIM TO BE YOUR FRIEND, BUT HIS ADVICE IS BAD! FOR EVERY WHITE MAN YOU KILL, TEN WILL COME! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED, IF YOU DO NOT KEEP THE PEACE!

PUNISHED? WHO ARE YOU TO KNOW THIS?



IT IS THE ONE WHOSE EYE IS AS THE LYNE, WHOSE BLOW IS LIKE THE BEAR!

IT IS HE WHO DROVE US AWAY FROM THE HOME! STEADIE'S SHANTY... WHO WOUNDED TWO OF OUR WARRIORS!



THAT IS TRUE, BUT I COME IN PEACE, FOR YOUR GOOD AND MINE! GRAY BARTER SPEAKS WITH A FORKED TONGUE. YOU MUST STOP THIS QUARREL AT ONCE!



BAH! YOU ASKED FOR IT, STRANGER... AND YOU'RE AGITTIN' IT!

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AS BARTER FALLS THE STRAP DROPS FREE AND MONTE WINS THE TEST OF TRUTH.



THEN, AS MONTE RECOVERS...

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO TAKE IT, BARTER!

NO! I WON'T LET YOU GET ME! I'LL ESCAPE!

I'LL GET AWAY—

BUT BY YOUR BRAVERY AND HIS COURAGE YOU HAVE PROVED TO US THE TRUTH OF YOUR WORDS—THAT WE MUST LIVE IN PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN / SO IT SHALL BE //

NOW GRAY WOLF I'M TAKING BARTER IN TO TOWN AND PUT HIM IN JAIL!

HE WILL REMEMBER WHAT I'VE DONE FOR HIM—WHEN HE GETS MY FRIEND!

THEN WE BOTH OWE THANKS TO YOUR SON AND MY BLOOD-BROTHER, GRAY FOX!

TELL ME, BROTHER, WILL YOU REMAIN HERE IN THE CAMPS OF THE CHEYENNE? WE WILL MAKE YOU A MIGHTY CHIEF!

I RECKON I'M TOO MUCH OF A RAMBLER TO DO THAT! I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING, BUT—WHO KNOWS—MAYBE SOME DAY WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

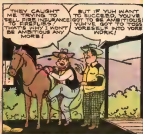
IF THEY DO MEET AGAIN, YOU CAN BET YOUR LAST SILVER DOLLAR THAT IT'LL BE IN ANOTHER PULP! THRILLING WESTERN ADVENTURE—BECAUSE THAT'S THE KIND OF MAN MONTE HALE IS!

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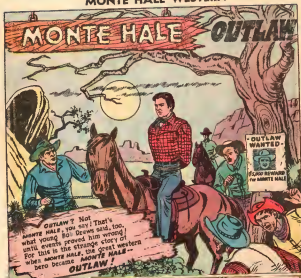
CAREY AND HARRY



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SO LONG, BOBBY!

IT'S TRUE! THE GREATEST COWBOY I EVER KNEW HAS TURNED — DEFEAT! AND HE INSULTED ME, TOO!



MONTE HALE'S A TOUGH MAN WITH A GUN! BUT EVEN HE CAN'T BEAT THE LAW! HE'LL GET CAUGHT SOONER OR LATER!

IT WILL BE SOONER IF I CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



HOLD ON, YOUNGSTER! WHAT'YU HEARDIN'?

I'VE COME AFTER MONTE HALE! I'LL BRING HIM AND THE STOLEN GOLD BACK, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



IT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM!

CRAZY YOUNG KID! HE'S NO MATCH FOR A GUNHAND LIKE MONTE HALE! WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN—



LATER, BACK AT THE EL DORADO MINE

WOULD IT COME OFF, BOBBY? DID YOU GET THE GOLD?

MONTE HALE BEAT ME TO IT, BOBBY!



AGAIN!

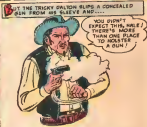
WE FORMED THE STAGE STRANGERS ABOUT TWO MILES DOWN THE ROAD! WHEN WE RODE UP THE DRIVER TOOK US FOR TRAVELERS AND TOLD US OF THE ROBBERY!



MONTE HALE MADE OFF WITH EVERY LAST PIECE OF THE GOLD!

HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

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RIDING FOR A FALL



THEY had once been friends. Born on adjoining ranches, Tim Fry and Cass Pearson had buddied together ever since they were no bigger than tumbleweeds. Neither had ever reckoned in those early days of easy laughter that their relations would come to their current state—a state in which there were no words, but merely stony silence and averted eyes.

The falling out had begun innocently enough, born of the natural desire of one youth to outshine the other. Both, even as youngsters, had been expert waddies with no visible edge in skill for either. That is, except in one department. Cass had always been a better all-around rider than Tim. Yes, Tim could shoot and rope with the best, but even he granted that Cass was the more expert horseman.

He had not begrudged Cass this. Indeed, when they had been friends Tim had thrilled to see how easily Cass could come even the most ornery bronc. But he didn't any longer. Not since the day Cass had humiliated him before the other wranglers.

The gray mustang had been mean. Tim sensed that even before he mounted. He had no real hope of breaking him, but he did think that at least he might soften him up for Cass. Well, he had not even done that. It took no more than two or three convulsive of the mustang's back to fling him to the ground.

Cass had tried next. Tried was not really the word, for no sooner had he along his leg up than the mustang seemed to sense his master. The steed had, of course, tried to throw Cass, but even the animal knew the struggle futile and quickly abandoned it.

Tim could still see Cass leaping from the back of the broken horse, and then swaggering to the corral rail where the ranch hands were



grouped. How many times had Tim gone over in his mind the words that accompanied the swagger!

"Becken you'd better stick to bunkhouse chores, Tim," Cass had boasted. "Take a man to break a bronc."

Tim hadn't answered. In fact, he had never answered Cass again, although an immediate apology had been forthcoming for the taunt. Cass had not allowed the friendship to die easily. For months he had protested to Tim that his horse had been good handled, and rendered in the flush of victory. But the wound had been too deep, and Tim never replied. Eventually Cass had stopped trying, and so they had come to their present state of animosity. ■

But this rodeo would give Tim an opportunity for revenge. In the years that followed the birth of the feud he had deliberately ridden trails where his path would not cross Cass's. He had sought out the best riders and meanest horses he could find and had learned well from both. Now he felt qualified and had returned to humiliate his rival.

Cass, of course, was defending champion of the region, but he wouldn't be champion long Tim vowed. Defeating him would prove even sweeter than the work he had been able to give him the night before. Cass had spotted Tim's name on the entry list, and advanced with his well remembered grin and an outstretched hand.

"Howdy, Tim," he had said. "Sure glad you returned to these parts. I hope you've forgotten what a conceited little sprout I was before you left. I never meant any real harm—just a case of getting too big for my britches."

Tim had surveyed him in cold silence, then

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abruptly walked away. For a moment he had been tempted to shake hands, but the roots of revenge were planted too deeply in him. He'd never forgive! Well, maybe he would. But not until he had supplanted Case as top rider in this neck of the woods. There'd be laughs again, but this time not on Tim.

"Tim," Case pleaded, "I said I was sorry."

"Not as sorry as you're going to be, Mister, after tomorrow when I show you how to really break horses."

Tim's reaction snapped as he heard his name being howled by the announcer, and obediently he headed toward the enclosure where the broncs were kept. Expertly he surveyed the horse he was to ride. Eyes blindfolded, it quivered with the impotent rage of a wild thing unable to strike back. Tim trembled with excitement, but confident in the knowledge that he had mastered tougher cayuses than this one, he sprang into the saddle.

In a moment the stall gates were opened, and Tim and the horse were struggling in the arena proper. The cayuse bucked furiously, employing every trick that instinct taught it to dislodge its hated burden. But it had no chance. Tim's estimate of his own skill had been founded on fact. No maneuver—no trick that this horse knew could unseat him. Let it storm wildly as it might, he knew he was master.

He sensed the resistance of the stallion abating somewhat. Oh, it would be some minutes yet before it was completely conquered, but the end was in sight. There was just one thing more he needed to make his revenge complete. Tim just had to see how Case was reacting to this display of horsemanship. Defiantly among the bounds of the brunt, he turned his head and sneaked a look toward the riders' enclosure.

Suddenly, he was flat on his back, gazing up at the sky.

As his head cleared, he realized his carelessness had caused him to be thrown. Tears of rage filled his eyes and escape dominated his every thought. He had to get out of here

before Case had a chance to gloat. Practically, he sought to stand, but his left leg would not support him, and he toppled to the dirt again.

He fainted then and did not revive until he was bedded at the county hospital with a broken ankle. He groaned in anger as he saw how miserably his plot for revenge had failed. And all because he couldn't resist sneaking a look to see how Case was taking his moment of triumph. Case! He squirmed at the thought. Even now, he was probably being presented with the trophy emblematic of the championship. Minutes more and that big side of beef would be speeding here to offer false condolences—perhaps even to offer free lessons in the proper breaking of horses. History had repeated itself, and once more the ashes of defeat were bitter in Tim's throat.

His hunch had been right. That was Case grinning in the doorway. Well, Tim would take it like a man. He'd take his riding—he deserved it. Yes, he'd even shake the big hand that was being extended to him. He had failed, and he'd admit it. Let Case gloat, for he was truly the better man. It was only as he reached up to shake the proffered hand that he noticed Case had extended his left one, and that a sling supported his right. What had happened?

"**T**IM," Case said. "Just thought you might feel better if I told you the nag that threw you tossed me, too. Broke my arm in the bargain. Guess I'm not as good a rider as I thought I was."

Now they were laughing, recalling old times, and planning better new ones. The old friendship had been restored. The knowledge that even the mighty Case could take a tumble made Tim extremely happy. Yet, Case was even happier, for he knew what he had done was worth the sacrifice. Who had to know that he had deliberately let Tim's horse throw him? And what was a little old broken arm compared to a broken friendship?

THE END

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HAPPY HOMER



Cliff Henry

